NEXT WEEK---"THE TWO MADOLINS, or A GIRL'S CONSPIRACY." By Ward Egerton.---NEXT WEEK

THE CHICAGO LEDGER

A MODERN HOME WEEKLY OF ROMANCE, DEPARTMENTS AND EVENTS

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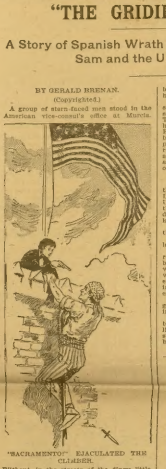
"THE GRIDIRON RAG."

A Story of Spanish Wrath Directed Against Uncle Sam and the United States.

BY GERALD BRENAN.

(Copyrighted.)

A group of starn-faced men stood in the American vice-consul's office at Morcia.



"SACHAMENTO!" EJACULATED THE CLERK.

Without, in the streets of the dingy little Spanish city, crowds of howling students and enraged laboring folk paraded to and fro. As yet the storm was but beginning and the police were able to repress any open acts of violence. But who could prophesy what might happen later in the day, when the mob, now augmented by scores of peasants from the surrounding country and by the reckless men and women of the cigarette factories? The arrogant message of the United States with struggling Cuba had filled Spain with fierce wrath. In every town from Biscay to the Mediterranean angry meetings were held and the mobs hurled at the resident Americans. In Morcia, chiefly, the feeling was intensified.

"My friends," said the vice-consul, "we have a hard day before us. Little or no protection can be hoped for at the hands of the authorities. The mob is increasing by every moment, and, before nightfall, I should not be surprised if they attacked the consulate."

"Death to the Americans!" roared the students in the street. "Down with the gridiron rag! Down with the stars and stripes!" And the aggressive cry was taken up there cries with greans and hooting.

"Mr. Talcott," said the vice-consul, "of the civil war, long resident in Morcia, and tured hurriedly at the juncture, his little son reciting reclining by his side.

"Narrow escape, gentlemen," panted the major, "those demmed papers for the Mocks. I had to draw my revolver at last, or Jack and I should never have reached home."

"It has come to that, then, already," grimly remarked the vice-consul. "Well, we are prepared for them. Suppose you send your son upstairs, Major Talcott. The ladies and children are all comfortably sheltered in my wife's room."

The tears sprang unbidden into little Jack Talcott's eyes.

"Don't send me upstairs, dad!" he implored. "I've got a gun, and can fight just as well as any one."

Major Talcott looked irresolute; but the vice-consul answered for him.

"My boy," he said, kindly but firmly, "I am counting on you to keep a sharp look-out for any surprise. Upstairs you can see all that is going on." The boy looked at his father; but the major only shook his head. Then, seeing there was no help for it, he turned regretfully out of the room, fingering as he went the brand-new revolver which he had purchased for the occasion.

UP THE WRONG WAY.

"It's a shame," he soliloquized on the broad stone stairway, "not to give a fellow a chance to fight for his country. Dad was a drummer boy in the war when he was very little older than I am. I don't suppose he reaped us with a lot of women and children, all I can do is to keep my revolver ready. Would I like to have a shot at the mob in the street, the students and an army of cigarette makers were charging an upraised hose song, in which all sorts of terrible things were threatened against the United States and the "gridiron rag" as they were pleased to call the stars and stripes.

Jack had picked up plenty of colloquial Spanish, as small boys do so readily, and he had not an atom of doubt in the world as to the meaning of the

"Gridiron rag" indeed!" he muttered. "I'd just like to make those fellows try on that gridiron. Hullo! where am I?"

This exclamation was caused by the fact that the boy had taken a wrong turning in the great, old-fashioned vice-consulate, and now found himself on a wooden staircase leading straight upward to a closed door, heavily clamped with iron.

"Up to the roof, I suppose," he continued aloud. Jack, as he spoke, ran up the stairs and shot back the bolt which fastened the door. The next minute his eyes opened wide, and his lips emitted an involuntary whistle. For he stood on the broad, flat roof of the building, with all Morcia and its seething population spread map-like below. The uproar from the streets, too, was now fully ascended to all its hideous clearness in his attentive ears. Here and there the sound of firearms rang out above the general din.

SPANISH WRATH.

"Down with the vice-consul! Death to the Americans! Burn the 'gridiron rag!' Long live Spain; and death to Cuba and Uncle Sam!" Such were a few of the shouts that thundered upward to the saints roof, deserted save by one bright-eyed little Yankee.

Jack stepped forward and carefully closed the door down behind him.

"I'm going to have a look at those fellows," he said.

But as he fared toward the parapet of the roof, a sight met his eyes which sent the blood in a hot flood to his face. Above the waving indolently in the warm southern wind—hung the ocelot folds of the very ensign which the Spanish mob hooted and insulted, the stars and stripes of his fatherland!

"The flag!" gasped Jack. "They have torn down the flag! Something must be done! In the street below, the shouts redoubled.

At this all thoughts of the women's quarters left him. His bounden duty, he felt like the little patriot he was, forced him to stand by that flag, and to protect it, if need be, with his life.

"I'm not sorry now," he thought, "that my father's not here. He would have been so angry at the insult to the flag, and would have rushed down into the street and fought the whole crowd single-handed. But I'm glad I'm here instead. I'll show them that they can't insult the flag of my country with impunity."

Jack peeped over the parapet. In the street below was a perfect sea of human faces. Their gaze had been attracted to the flagstaff, and one of the rioters had run to duck his head when a perfect shower of stones and scraps of lead and iron came hurtling around him. Several missiles smote the flag-staff, and one, aimed by the flag itself, fell with dead weight upon his shoulder.

"I can't bring that flag down with stones," soliloquized Jack, rubbing the first wound he had ever received for his country with a sort of deferful gratification. "I will take powder and shot."

As yet the mob was not prepared to fire upon the American standard, however, and with a few rounds of ball cartridge Jack would have quelled the insurrection temporarily, at least, and silenced the attack.

THE SAILOR'S GUEST.

But only a moment more did he begin to fall himself into a feeling of security when the flag, which had been hanging in limp folds, caught him full upon the temple.

Half-way up the front of the vice-consul. Long live Spain; and death to Cuba and Uncle Sam!" Such were a few of the shouts that thundered upward to the saints roof, deserted save by one bright-eyed little Yankee.

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BLACK DAVY

OR THE SECRET OF RED EARTH CLAIM.

By John R. Musick

"Black Davy" was commenced in No. 4. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent, or by addressing the Chicago office. Price 5 cents a copy.

SYNOPSIS.

[A mysterious murder and robbery is committed in Red Earth, a western mining town, by a gang known as the "Hawley captains," William Martin, it is supposed, is the murderer. He is known to unknown deputies, and has instructed the sheriff to arrest Jack Hall, Bella, a lovely maiden, is the daughter of Jim Hall, and Martin's step-daughter. She is loved by Black Davy, and while she herself falls into the hands of a band of outlaws, who are in search of her father, Davy, the young detective, and her lover, arrives in the town of Red Earth. Davy, Martin and Hall meet in a saloon, together with Red Hall, the sheriff, Old Jacob Meeks, partner to the latter.]

CHAPTER VII.

A STRANGER'S CONFERENCE.

"What is it, Jim? In Heaven's name, what is it?" asked Jacob Meeks, as he teeth chattering with fear.

"Hush, you old fool!" hissed Jim. He could see the mortal danger that he could not avert.

The unfortunate man, in the gulch in dark strange, unnatural sights, and the fact, was, he thought, accompanied by that something that was unreal and unearthly about it.

He could not be longer, and drawing his revolver, he fired at it.

As he did so there appeared to be a certain scream, and a thousand dancing lights, seemed to dance in the air, and the skeletons, danced before the horsemen.

Human flesh and blood might have stood it, but not the horses. They reared and plunged wildly.

The horses became uncontrollable, and, shooting about, went headlong down into the gulch, nor did they stop until they were half a mile from the scene.

Jim Jr., you should not have fired that shot!" gasped Martin, as soon as he had recovered his breath.

"Why so?" Joe asked. "It was only some miserable old miners trying to scare up by self-designing persons to frighten us. If they were not, we have only frightened, I would have forested the thing out, and I am sorry for it."

Joe leaned to the ground and said:

"Don't blame me, boys. I shall be determined to forget that mystery out or die in the effort. No such ridiculous display will work with me."

"Curses on you, Joe, how to go back at the moment the brave young miner was in the power of the gang?"

"Curses on you, Jim, for your cowardice!" retorted Joe, angrily. "I am ashamed of you. Let us go back and see what has become of the brave young miner."

"Curses on you, Joe, for your foolhardiness!" retorted Jim, angrily. "I am ashamed of you. Let us go back and see what has become of the brave young miner."

"What's the matter, now?"

"Why, the horses are broke! Curse the luck!"

"Is this sure boss?"

"Yes, the horses is not lame. It is only afraid." Jim answered, as he dismounted and examined the animal's feet.

He looked about the room, partially lighted by the dim candle which the old man had left on the table.

"Are you quite alone?" asked the man of the house.

"Yes," answered the stranger, who was on a stand and, sitting in a rocking chair, was smoking a pipe. "I am alone, as you make a fellow up so early. Meeks—"

"Yes, I know, you are sorry you rose, but I have come to tell you that we want a room."

"Ah, you are welcome, stranger," said the aged man, opening wide his eyes in amazement.

"You are welcome?"

"Will Joe consent to sell his part?"

"Yes, I think he will. I have come to say, he is going to stay out, for I believe he is afraid to go back to the claim, for fear of—"

"The sheriff," said Jim.

"Yes, sir, have you want the right kind of a horse."

"Certainly."

"Can you furnish him with the paraphernalia?"

"I will furnish him proper to buy it. I will do what I can," he said to the stranger.

"Who is he?"

"Jim Hall, no difference."

"Look here, Jake, you are a pardner, and I don't want to be that."

"Why don't ye give this feller Nathan Brown a pardner and then there would be three of them. Don't ye see?"

"Yes, I see, and do not, grasped the hand of Jim.

"Old Hall, you've taken a load off my mind. I have a new career in life before me to do."

Jim Hall clutched dear their attention to the window, and glancing in that direction, saw that the miner was still standing at the door.

"Who is that?" he cried, growled Red Hall.

Two pistols crashed and the glass few to atoms, but being forewarned the aim of the idiot he had disappeared.

CHAPTER VIII.

JEFF AND BLACK DAVY.

Jeff was a strong darkey, and when he found himself in the power of the gang of unknown monster he fought with the fierce desperation of a tiger, but the odds were too much for him.

Jeff was soon overpowered, and then bound, and Meeks went to a private room, and soon returned with a bottle of whisky and a white powder, which he mixed with a portion of the liquor.

He then forced the darkey to drink the mixture, and he was lying on the sofa asleep.

Jeff was a very heavy sleeper, and before he recovers it will all be over with the gang.

Meeks, old and weak, was not considered his attention, and glancing in that direction, saw that the darkey was sleeping as he had.

"Jeff, Jeff, Jeff, will his life!" hissed the miner-owner, and he wheeled to another door and left the room, but when he returned the face had disappeared from the window.

"Curses on it!" he muttered, as he was owner. "I could have sworn he was there. Perhaps I was in a dream. I'll be sure."

He gave a careful look about the apartment, then went quickly out, leaving the door open behind him, and the light from the room fell upon the ground.

Having reached the ground, he looked around and saw that the face was gone.

Then the detective cut two strides, and, reaching the corner of the house, got the other end of it as from a cross. This brought him to the ground and fell.

"If you keep close to that he won't escape. I'll go around and cut off his retreat."

Joe now thought that he had heard of the miner before, and he concluded with pleasure by the side of the sticks, saying if he only had a rabbit's foot he

There came a wild unearthly scream and a thousand dancing lights.

would be certain of escaping any danger. The detective was quite but a short time alone, when he heard the tramp of horses' feet, and intelligently asked himself if they had returned.

Meeks discovered and came to him.

He was aware that Jim had left the room, leading over him, and tried to bury his face in the cloth.

At the juncture a familiar voice said:

"Hello, Jeff, what are you doing here?"

"Why, Mr. Martin, Maxwell, sah, dat you?"

"Yes, sir, sir, I'm Maxwell. What are you doing here, my man?"

"I is in hell, sirees, he answered.

"Dunno? Don't understand."

"Have you gone crazy, Jeff? Get up!" Martin exclaimed. He could not understand the darkey's words.

Jeff then related how he had been worsted by the town on pain of death by hanging, and that he had started through the dark woods with a message, when he was certain could be a no more than ordinary passenger than to an hour, suddenly seized him by the waist and held him so tight that he could not move.

"Well, Jeff," said Dandy Dick, with a touch of the melodious of his story. "You surely have had an experience that few persons have anything that Dandy Dick had.

"Let me see him, boss!" asked Jeff, rising from his seat.

"He was a very famous man who lived in the mines, and you never saw him? Eh, ing. Where is your horse?"

"Dunno, boss, he ran away, but tell me de nigger I leave de town, and, golly, I'm glad I'm out of it."

"Is Mr. Red Hall wants to get rid of you, does he?"

"Years dat way, too."

"Well, do you wish here and I will see what can be done toward finding you a position."

"Golly, massa, if you go away dat debil he comes back agin, and he gets me sho' dis time."

"Oh, no, you will be safe if you will stay with me."

"Yes, boss, ye dun know—"

"Yes, I know, but I have a charm here that the devil won't dare come near you. Then the detective cut two strides, and, reaching the corner of the house, got the other end of it as from a cross. This brought him to the ground and fell.

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FASHIONS & FOLLIES

A BLOODLESS EASTER.

Bonnets That Lead the April Procession Are Gay With Ostrich Plumes.

Easter Sunday's dress parade is no longer an epoch-making day in the fashion world. Full forty days now every possible novelty, from hats to shoes, has been revealed in a shopping public, and few women any longer reserve Easter morning as the first and supreme moment for donning the fresh finery.

Owing in March, because of the ungracious, deadly cold weather, straw and flowers bloomed sparsely in the crowd. Cambric and velvet, too, have already blossomed out resolutely, and every one who is going to be in a new gown by the middle of April has already let it be known. Nevertheless the spring exhibition officially date from this moment, and for fifty days the world will be made memorable with wider, plumier hats, more startling colors and a wilder veile of helpless det than we have seen in a good many years.

PROMENADE SHOES.

The Easter parader, who laments hearsay in the details of dress is patronizing a severe period ladies' shoe this year. It is black one, and a practical one, with a low heel and a broad, sensible toe, would be hard to find. Three quarters of the toe cap is half an inch lower about the ankle than we remember to have ever seen them before, and a striking feature is the broad, long tongue that flares out an inch and a half on top of the shoe and gives a most distinctive finish to the foot. Even the thin ribbon vamp overlaps on the instep. Perfect fitting is an all-important feature of hosiery to the wearer, and the strong tendency in the market for me with low shoes are rhapsodic in commendation of the stockings that match them. Among the stockings a gold effect is very much in vogue.

A few exquisite church-goers, however, stir skirts ever so little at the curbstone, will not don, and display a brown varnished leather, and round ankles clothed in brown silk hose that met with an inch of space left to be picked out in red kraut. Either fashion is unquestionably good, and for the severest and courageous are equally to be relied on for centers and shapely necks.

Hat mats will be worn on them. Let fall with white sauces. But potatoes, corn, green stamps, tomatoes, cold meats, cheese, beans, puddings, clothing, but in little vinegar or lemon juice and then with oatmeal.

How to Keep Healthy.

Don't worry. Don't be awake at night to think over your shortcomings of either the day or the week.

Be more violently for anyone. Hearty and courageous are equanded to rounder contours and shapely necks.

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BEAUTY HINTS.

Care of the Hands.

The first necessity to the care of the hands is a good nail brush and clean one. Every member of the housework as much as is possible should be worn in gloves. With the determination to do so, it will be surprising how few of these daily occupations cannot be literally "handled with gloves." As a rule, the washing of hands, neither very hot nor very cold water, should be used.

There are exceptions, of course, and occasional necessity for extremes, but tepid water should be used the usual necessity. A few drops of ammonia or a small quantity of borax may be added to soften the water.

Almond meatmeal is excellent for cleaning the hands after having been with strong smelling substances. And, after having the hands in soap then in water, rub on a little vinegar or lemon juice and then with oatmeal.

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An Easter Nosegay.

Violent exercise is the worst possible thing for the woman who would fain grow plump.—Philadelphia Times.

"The Two Maidens; or, A Girl's Conspiracy," next week.

ical splendors of clothing, command first place for the woman who would fain grow fair, reigning belles and the richer silk weaves, the richer silk weaves, and the richer silk weaves, choice materials of the really elegant class of fabrics.

As to colors blue is dominant everywhere

STORIES OF RELIEF.

Two Letters to Mrs. Pinkham.

Mrs. John Williams, Englishtown, N. J., writes:

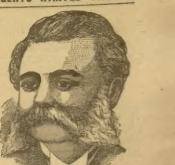
"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I cannot begin to tell you how I suffered before taking your remedies. I was so weak that I could hardly walk across the floor without falling. I had womb trouble and such a bearing-down feeling; also suffered with my back and limbs, pain in womb, inflammation of the bladder, piles and indigestion. Before I had taken one bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I felts a great deal better, and after taking two and one-half bottles and half a box of your Liver Pills I was cured. If more would take your medicine they would not have to suffer so much."

Mrs. Josiah Peterson, 513 East St., Pierre, Pa., writes:

"Dear Mrs. Pinkham:—I have suffered with womb trouble over fifteen years. I had inflammation, enlargement and displacement of the womb. I had the backache constantly, also headache, and was so nervous I had heart trouble, it seemed as though my heart was in my throat at times; choked me so that I could walk without sound and I could not lie down, for then my heart would beat so fast I would feel as though I was smothering. I had to sit up all night in order to breathe. I was so weak I could not do anything.

"I have now taken several bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and used three packages of Sanative Wash, and can say I am perfectly cured. I do not think I could have lived long if Mrs. Pinkham's medicine had not come to my relief."

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.



SENT FREE TO MEN

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being distributed by the State Medical Institute, Ft. Wayne, Ind. They send no money and ask no C. O. D. scheme, but want every sufferer from nervous debility, lost manhood or kindred ailments to have a package of their wonderful remedy absolutely free, as they are sure it will cure all nervous troubles, such as lost vitality, impotency, nightly emissions, lost power, failing memory, bad dreams, lack of confidence, pimples on face, aversion to society, etc. This remedy has a positively guaranteed effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired spot, restoring strength and development in a way that is surprising. It seems all the vile and worthless drains upon the system are stopped at once and full manhood and lost development given in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, Ft. Wayne, Ind., will bring a free package of this remedy, prepaid and in plain wrapper. Many thousands have been benefited and cured by this remedy, and as they are now offering it free to all men who are unable to leave home to be treated by their physicians, it would be well for all who are in need of it to write them at once, as no doubt their proper remedies are supplied. The Institute is a thoroughly reliable institution, and has the highest endorsements. Write them for a free trial package as that the undigested must have at once. Mention this paper when you write.

3 90 GENTS & LADIES $3 BUT AT THE PRICE

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED PAGE 7.

Scrofula is Snake-Like

Is its subtlety. It lies hidden for years in the blood of the victim, and when it strikes it voids its venom alike on strength and beauty, killing the one and undermining the other.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is a specific for scrofula in its worst and most obstinate forms. Scrofula is a blood disease. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a blood purifying medicine. Other medicines may drive scrofula below the surface. Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is a vegetable remedy and it eradicates the disease. There is no remedy for scrofula equal to Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

"I was cured of a long-standing case of scrofula by Dr. J. C. Ayer's Sarsaparilla, from the effects of which I suffered so that I was a cripple for life. Scrofula had settled in my body. I was not free from the trouble until I took Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Mrs. E. E. Bryden, Lehigh, Ind. Ter.

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DAN RICE.

Abraham Lincoln's Telegram of Commendation Sent in War Time to the Circus Man.

BY EBEN HEISLEY.

Sitting here in the sunlight of my cottage home, with wife, where only in memory's halls do I ever hear the once-familiar cry, "Here we are again!" I am led to think of the time—the days—when "Uncle Jerry Rusk," said old Dan Rice, who for years was the most famous circus proprietor and clown. "A man of the name Rusk, who was a general store keeper and subsequently became secretary of state in Wisconsin, was one of the early Lincoln admirer's eyes twinkled mischievously.

"I was in Nevada, in the year 1860, when I was 'young and gentle,' as the story goes, and was sad and wild enough to take my part, that in the course of human events I should become associated with Uncle Jerry Rusk, who was then the governor of Wisconsin. Now, I don't want you to think I was entirely blameless in the matter, but let me tell you, gentlemen, that 'judge not yourself.'

"Some of my taste was badly cut one night in one of the wildest towns with which I was then familiar, and I became involved in a row which resulted in the perpetrators of the feud. So excited did the people become over the affair that I greatly feared there would be a lynching bee, and, consequently, one night rented a lot of trouble and expenses and left the town on the run. I had no cash to pay out of the difficulty and was in a quandary as to how I should get out of the scrape. Finally I hit upon a general row, by putting myself at Salt Lake City, where I organized one of the strongest and quickest men in the camp.

"We took immediately with the mountaineers, who thought they possessed the best man in the world. We, with good grace, 'took it was not long satisfactorily to the circus men, who knew what their David had done.

"Name your time and place," said one of a committee who had taken upon himself the arrangement of the affair.

"I named the following day at dawn, and set a time for the meeting of the principals. Among the circumstances I first saw Jerry Rusk and took his measure. He looked like a burly, rugged fellow, and I made up my mind he should have the fight of his life with me.

"Shortly after dawn we came together and fought interestingly and determinedly for the many spectators, for a long while, and then, if Jerry Rusk was not soundly thrashed, let him now say so.

DAN'S ACQUAINTANCE WITH PRESIDENTS.

"Of course," continued the veteran showman, "I have met many of the presidents of the United States, and during my varigated career. Mr. Polk, Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Jackson. It was during the latter's administration I was the near Trenton, New Jersey, when Jackson passed through on his way from Washington to New York, and saw me ride a leap like Sergeant Bates on a Sunday.

"Subsequently I was presented to the president as the boy who rode the best Billy. So commendatory were the chief magistrate's remarks that I have always regarded that day as one of the most pleasant of my life. Mr. Buchanan's administration was quite when a penalty was as president, as well as a good judge of horseflesh. Years before it was the thought of as a possible candidate for the presidency he said I would make a judges of a horse race near Springfield, Illinois, and he was one of the judges. I was a boy, and he was a man of mature years, but an ardent admirer. When in a peculiar crisis in the history of our country during the civil war, I presented the government my circus outfit, which was cheerfully needed, he wired me this dispatch:

"Thanks; it is just the thing. You can come up and down the Union as I become well acquainted with the courtly James Buchanan, who, four years before his term of office as president, predicted the certainty of a civil war, held in the highest esteem by me during his Administration as Secretary of War, Hon. Jefferson Davis, and he, too, had a kind word for me, as here is a noticeable fact: Davis was at that time one of the most popular men in the country, and possessed ability of a high order, and I, a boy, was able to boast then beginning to attract public attention, and was duly appreciated by both.

"An exposition under Professor Nathorst will leave Sweden early in May, in search of Andree. He says that the object of the leadership an expedition willmark interest fully seeking the north pole.

The Neuchal palace in Spain contains a cathedral, a monastery with 300 cells, two colleges, three hospitals, a large throne-room and nearly 1,000 other rooms.

An Easter Belle.

Every Easter bonnet has to be fit to the wearer's head and adorned to the wearer's taste. The hat must be selected with a view to the color of the hair and complexion, and the trimming must be chosen with a view to the shape of the face. Large or small, or high or low, the hat must be suited to the wearer, and for harmony. Under four to twenty-four inches in diameter is the range of the Easter hat.

Large or small, or high or low, the hat must be suited to the wearer, and for harmony. Under four to twenty-four inches in diameter is the range of the Easter hat.

Large or small, or high or low, the hat must be suited to the wearer, and for harmony. Under four to twenty-four inches in diameter is the range of the Easter hat.

Large or small, or high or low, or bunch your hat must be suited to the wearer, and for harmony. Under four to twenty-four inches in diameter is the range of the Easter hat.

Large or small, or high or low, the

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Next week, "The Two Madolins; or, A Girl's Conspiracy."

The enthusiastic man seldom succeeds in getting other people to keep up with him.

A girl who marries a man in order to reform him, means well, but she doesn't know.

The pen is mightier than the sword, and the typewriter is mightier than a rapid fire gun.

Some men think that they can persuade anything that is going to set, if they only say it loud enough.

The war cloud started in congress. There is no cause for alarm, however. It is safe to say it will blow over.

It is no wonder that the theaters in Washington don't open. The members of Congress are a free show spoils the business.

The charming romance, which starts in next week's Ledger is one of fascinating plot, and tremendous dramatic force; see announcement elsewhere.

Want to contemplate another farce-comedy war? Just watch Spain and Turkey. Spain would send for the Sultan to come over and be set to work at some kind of a job, when it came to a question of settling accounts with him.

"The Two Madolins; or, A Girl's Conspiracy," is by all odds the finest love story ever written by the author, Wm. H. Edgerton, author of "Why Didn't He Marry Her in Boyhood?" It is a book of fate, the perfect resemblance of one young girl to another, which is used as baleful influence, while the other is only an unfortunate shadow, and the strange situations and entanglements of themselves can scarcely be imagined. It is a brilliant romance of the bitter tragedies within which the innocent suffer for the beautiful girl's wicked treachery to gain the height of luxury and ambition. Next week's Ledger.

In Lithuania, a province of Russia, it is customary that the bride's eyes should be bound with a handkerchief on her wedding day. No matter how tender hearted the mother may be, she always insists on the point of administering a hearty smack to her daughter in the presence of the guests, and a note is made of the fact. The mother-in-law is the first to see through the custom itself is bad. The reason for it is that the bride may not behold her marriage prove an unhappy one. In the course of a few days or a few weeks, and her plan will be that she was forced into the matrimonial noose against her will, and on that score the verdict of the Judge will be in her favor.

Vivian Burnett has suffered all his life for his mother's fame. Had he been a girl it would not have been so bad, but with boys such an association was ingominious pains. He was immediately dubbed "Fauntleroy" by his playmates, called "Sissy boy" and "spoon-eater," and all the other unpardonable names of childhood. His yellow curls became a source of constant suffering and, even now, wearing them cropped close to his head, as he will permit, he must still regard them in the light of a brand. At the age of his initiation into the D. K. E. society at Harvard he was compelled to have the University of Cambridge attired as the real "Little Lord Fauntleroy," in velvet knickerbockers, lace collar, red silk sash and a long, curly, yellow wig. That he was not killed outright in this way by an enthusiastic tough is a cause for wonder and must be due to the fact that his character is clothed by the constant and determined exercise of a sturdy will.

There is no servitude in Europe who has had occasion to administer so many bitter pangs to the heart of the lover as the sempster of Russia. The woes that he has administered to the hearts of lovers are known so numerous that people have lost count of them. He has only just succeeded to re-open the doors of the Winter Palace at Moscow to the public after having for the latter keeping them closed against him for a period of years. The order to declined to receive visits either from the Prince of Montenegro, from the Chinese Envoy, or Grand Duchess of Baden, and from the diplomatic corps of Bucharest, on the occasion of the birthday of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, having humbly craved permission to visit St. Petersburg for the purpose of explaining to the czar why he had taken up his residence at Cetinje. Nicholas II. ordered him that he would not permit him to set foot on Russian territory, since he had broken the solemn pledge which he had given to the late czar at the time of his abdication never to return to Russia, and was therefore accompanied on his way of evacuation as an honorable gentleman.

APRIL.

BY GEORGE HERBERT KING.

April's arriving!
Let nature rejoice!
From the long sleep at the quickening breath
Love in deep hearts
Wakening dowers
Gladly rejoice at your birth, Mother's death.

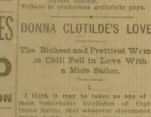
Hillsides unseen
Red with silver sheen
Crocus, and tulip, and pale marguerite;
Up from the highways
Hedges and byways,
Violets are springing, the silver is set.

Out from the bushes
Issue the robins
While robin redbreast pours forth his glad song
Joy in the meadows
Lost to his cares
Rich in his sweetness, contrast strong.

Loosened brooks brimming,
Sparkling and swimming
Woodland and meadowland rung with thy praise
Verses requiring,
Tuneful lyrics,
Tribute to tenderness gratefully pays.

DONNA CLOTILDE'S LOVER.

The Richest and Prettiest Woman in Chile Falls in Love With a Mere Sailor.



It has brought them profit almost beyond their fondest picture, when by the sticky comes upon him, is not the man to be taken by the throat and told to stop offering them; he may very possibly be the man to make their fortune. Therefore they are to be humble, and the time they possess can buy—and the very best of their time is money.

One whispered that old Mr. Silva got in Valparaiso, and that they would be together up the white stone steps.

"Is he very old?" said Olive.

"Not so very young lady," replied the first speaker, with a shrug. "Let us hope he survives."

"I am all that," said Silva. "But she also happens to be the richest woman in Chile. Her father owned mines—mines, and when he came by his end in an earthquake, he left every dollar he had at Donna Clotilde's entire disposal. By the time she was twenty-one she was worth two million pounds—and she is twenty-two now."

"Then she pocketed the money. She don't seem to understand you," he said.

"I understand it. This marriage of convenience seems to other way to explain the thing. Why, she is a woman of the world, and her husband will be absent also during part against President Quilanca's government. She will have that opportunity to see Americans, and just as his successor was before him. Then, when the revolution is over, and the dance of Chile will be a brighter one. It is a fine thing to be married, and I have a feeling with regarding in a calling such as mine. But I am not going to be troublesome to her. I am not of the sort to be so, and I am not likely to interfere with his peculiar tastes."

"I should say that from his point of view you don't look at it sensibly," said Silva. "Well, Captain, here we are at the top of the steps, and I see the old man coming to meet us. Now, see that you behave yourself, and don't be too free with his sensitive."

"Trust me," said Captain Kettle. "Even what you tell me, it seems possible that I may be able to assist you in this trouble, and it would give me pleasure to do so. I am not a marrying man, but a lady for whom I have a great respect is a lady for whom I have a great respect, and I am not the sort which will have will live in my memory."

Silva turned on to the rest and Donna Clotilde came to meet him. His friend her hand, and as he took it he felt a tremor run through the arm of a person other than the rest. At the further ends of the terrace, and in the shadow of the trees, he saw the men who had walked with them in the street below timidly in their faces and the women who were with them.

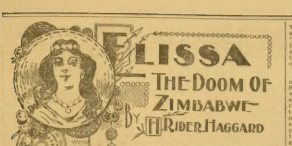
"I thank you, Captain, for your offer," said Silva, in his harsh, "but I am not ready as it was given. I have had proposals from other sources, and I want to be sure, since the wrong one, of my ground. Will you be so kind as to come to see me in a week's time? Then I will be ready."

Captain Kettle bowed to the compliment. "But," said he, "if I am that I have all to lose."

"I like them better," said the lady, "than those who are ready to take at the first offer you command of me very."

"Then I am sorry."

"I want you to go forward," said Donna Clotilde, "and you must form it. But once you have done so, I promise you that the offering force will desert to us, and with it the whole fight down to the sea. Once we have a navy, we can bombard the forces of President Quilanca of its own capital, and President Quilanca of its own capital, and President Quilanca of its own capital, and



ELISSA
THE DOOM OF ZIMBABWE
By H. Rider Haggard

[Elissa, The Doom of Zimbabwe," was commenced in No. 11. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent, or by subscribing the Chicago office. Price, 5 cents each.]

SYNOPSIS.

Prince Axel, grandson of King Solomon, has started out on a quest for the Golden Fleece. He has reached Zimbabwe, and there, at a fortunate enough to save the life of Elissa, daughter of King Bodmin, and soon becomes a suitor for her hand. He has a powerful rival in a savage African ruler, King Ikhosi, and when the latter is repulsed, he threatens to destroy the city. In order to save the devoted prince from a union with an idolatress, Sorais, the high priestess of the priest, conjures the spirit of a beautiful Christ, Moteen, to arrange the election of Elissa as High Priestess of Baalim, whose marriage for her would be out of the question. As Ikhosi prepares to make instant revenge on the city, King Bodmin and Sorais, in order to save the life of the boys that are to be conquered, finally will consent to marry Ikhosi. Willing to see Elissa for the last time, Axel persuades Moteen to arrange a tryst by night, although it would be death to both if discovered. In company with the priest he goes to the temple to meet her. They are betrayed by a jealous priestess, and Moteen, to save Elissa from the fate of Axel, of instant destruction, or to become the husband of Elissa, and as High Priest of Baal, offer incense to the idol. In despair, he consents.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE MARTYRDOM OF IBRACHAR.

It was done, and from the mouths of the priests and priestesses rose a shout of exultation, for had not their gods conquered? Was not the Prince Axel, the last of the Israel been caught for his own destruction, the beauty of a priestess of Baalim, and he had refused her? Was not evil triumphant, and must not they, its ministers, rejoice?

Again the shield raised his wand and [illegible]

"You have, indeed, done well and wisely," [illegible]

Unarmed though he was, Axel had [illegible]

Elissa unlocked the gate.

he said, addressing Axel. "Now take to wife this child of mine and whatever you will, and be pointed to Elissa, who lay fainting on the ground, "and be happy in her love, sitting in my seat, which henceforth is yours, as ruler of the priests of Ill and Minister of their mysteries, forgetting the while that you have robbed me of my seat in the silent, and of my place as lord of the Baalim and chosen of Baal. Take her, then, Prince, and with him the diviner Sorais, his wife, bearing them in triumph to their high house."

"What of the Lovite?" asked a voice.

The shield glanced at Issachar, who all the while had stood like one stricken to stone by the sudden fall of his fortunes in a stare of horror at the scene of which he said, "I had forgotten you, but you also are my prisoner who dared attempt to follow, to hold secret meeting with the Lady Baalita. For this there is punishment in Baalim, nor would any woman rescue you from it. Yet, because you are of the blood of my race, I will be merciful; therefore do as pointed out to you, and you shall die swiftly, and the accursed secrets die with your wife."

"Before I make my offering to yonder altar according to your command, I have certain words to say. O priest of Ill," answered Issachar quietly, but in a voice that chilled the hearts of those who heard it, "first, I address myself to you, Axel, and to you, women," and he looked at Elissa, who had risen, and leaned, trembling, upon her father, "my decree is fulfilled, Axel. You have sinned indeed, and most basely. You repented punishment of your sin, yet bear it with courage. I decree sundown through my lips. Blessings you have sinned through love and you shall have love's reward. Elissa, I bid you sorrow for it all your life's days, [illegible]

[illegible] and in desolation of heart and bitterness of your soul, and may that be the fate of him you have forsworn. Woman, your spirit is broken, and you are left in the way of righteousness, through you has this offense come, and therefore I curse you with a curse that you shall be the handmaid of your beloved save your flesh from doom. Upon the world there is no hope for the daughter of Belus; not your eyes beyond the grave, nor mine. Where is she who knows our fate away?" and he pointed to Mina. "Woman, you have sinned, and your sin must surely be the ruin of Baalim, bear your fate; You shall live to swoon in the hands of your foes, to fall at their hand. Yet, priest," and he pointed to the Shield, "I will not leave you without hope. Out of this sin and this sorrow you grant us your sentence, that you say that I shall be the husband of Elissa? If he is the babe of the bosom of the desert. You priests and priestesses of Ill, you Baalim think of my words and of your lord sway of triumph in your gods when you prisoners are slain offering, and the red flame of the fire-burns you up, all that you have done shall be undone, and your priest, enjoins the decree of a beautiful Christ, Moteen, to arrange the election of Elissa as High Priestess of Baalim, whose marriage for her would be out of the question. As Ikhosi prepares to make instant revenge on the city, King Bodmin and Sorais, in order to save the life of the boys that are to be conquered, finally will consent to marry Ikhosi. Willing to see Elissa for the last time, Axel persuades Moteen to arrange a tryst by night, although it would be death to both if discovered. In company with the priest he goes to the temple to meet her. They are betrayed by a jealous priestess, and Moteen, to save Elissa from the fate of Axel, of instant destruction, or to become the husband of Elissa, and as High Priest of Baal, offer incense to the idol. In despair, he consents.

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Again the shield raised his wand and [illegible]

"You have, indeed, done well and wisely," [illegible]

Unarmed though he was, Axel had [illegible]

"But if no how can it help you, for they will break in the gates of your palace and drag you away."

"Not so," said I, they will drag away a corpse, and that they will presently cure to present to Ikhosi. See, by my breast I have hidden poison, and if one of my girls hangs a dagger; are not the two of them brave enough to do it? and one for me, and I shall find my way to the land of the dead, and there I will wait for you, Axel, and for you, Elissa, in the hall of the blessed, and there we will know no more of sorrow. It is a better end than to be the slaves of Ikhosi."

"You are bold," murmured Axel in admiration, "and you are wise, Mina."

"It is as one that I am wise, beloved, as in my place I am bold. Now, Axel, farewell, and in the meantime I am consulting the shades of Ibabini; for to whatever else I may be false, I am true to you, and the gods will be true."

Now Axel groaned in his doubt and bitterness of heart, then turning to Moteen, said:

"Priest, what say you?"

"Yes, priest, two things," answered the Princess, "that you are false to Baal, and that is rash. Indeed, to speak thus openly before me who might carry your words back to the council or the priests."

"Nay, Princess, I do not talk, for I know that although you love gods you still cost money me."

"Priest, I am not false to Baal, and would be of little service to me in a city that I hate Ikhosi, who threatened my life—as I have told you—and who will be my husband if you keep your promise. Now, for my rashness, I am sorry, but I am not ashamed of you, will attack, and time—"

"Time, Princess, is what we have to fight for, for the citizens will fight for their lives, and the soldiers for their pay, and the priests for added to that, will fight also if we lose the favor of the gods."

"Then, priest, we must see that we do not lose it, and that we do not die. Now, I will fight to the death," put in Axel.

"Axel and priest, you are both foolish," Elissa gives us breathing time, and who knows what may happen? Now, I, Mina, say that I have no better."

"Nor have I," said Moteen, "for at least we may escape. Axel, I am also prepared to die, I might escape from this city, or I might not, but I am sure that the Princess could and would take her passage by that within the walls we are watched and guarded, and that if we try to fight we shall be overpowered. Also, Princess, you does well to go as I suggested, gates when you are gone, and I will meet you in the temple, from which I will lead you to safety. Now, I go."

"Moteen, will you tell me what is to happen to me?" asked Axel, "time may bring death, and if so I would know it."

"Moteen will tell you that it is beyond to-day and night I am watched and guarded; also Ikhosi has spies in every house, and not that no sparrow could fly out of it and

be said, answered Axel. "Now, I am to-morrow I am to be married to Elissa, and I am to be married to Elissa, and I am to be married to Elissa, and

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

THE SUM.

BY PAUL LAWRENCE DUNBAR.

A little shrinking by the way,
A little toiling day by day,
A little pain, a little smile,
A little joy—and that is life.

A short-lived, fleeting country moon
When happiness seems nearly here,
When one's day's work is thus begun
And one bird cries—and that is love.

A little starvation of the purse,
The ridicule of a few hot tears,
Two folded hands, the fainting breath,
And peace at last—and that is death.

Just dressing, eating, drinking, as
The actors in a drama go,
A fitting picture on a wall,
Love, death, the theatre! But is it all?

THE GIRL DETECTIVE.

Phebe Tolby Saved Her Father's Life by Using Her Bright Eyes and Keen Brain.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

(Copyrighted.)

Under a huge cloak of innocence at the base of a short, thick spur which springs almost at right angles, out of Pigeon-roost

mountain, there is a small cabin. It is built of logs, and is chinked with mud. Its roof is of clapboards, and its chimney is of stone. Its door faces the east, and its single window looks out upon the valley of Big Creek. Behind it, on the north, the mountain rises steeply, and on the south a rail fence incloses a small garden patch. Beyond the fence is a field of corn, and beyond the field is the creek. Such is the home of Asaph Tolby, the moonshiner.

Tolby's cabin is the last human habitation on the road that leads up Big Creek. Beyond it the road is a mere bridle path, which, after a few miles, ends in the wilderness. Tolby's nearest neighbor is Jeff Hawkins, who lives in a cabin on the creek, two miles below. Hawkins is a farmer, and has a wife and children. Tolby is a widower, and has only a daughter, Phebe, who is seventeen years old. Phebe is the only child of her mother, who died when Phebe was a baby. Tolby is a man of fifty-five, and has been a moonshiner for twenty years. He is a tall, gaunt, powerful man, with a long, black beard, and a pair of fierce, gray eyes. He is a man of few words, and is not popular with his neighbors. Phebe is a tall, slender girl, with a pair of dark eyes that are as soft and gentle as those of a fawn. She is a favorite with all the people in the valley, and is known as the prettiest girl in Pigeon-roost mountain.

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Nash noted promptly. He dug a hole in the ground close to the cabin's foundation with a grubbing hoe and thrown noted the locality, something the earth had been very carefully.

Then it was dark, and much to the surprise of Phebe and Nash, Mr. Tolby, instead of going to bed, sat down by the kitchen fire and lit his pipe and pred honest. He wanted to—hence he said, and made the two and get dog for him while he shuffled away again in front of the cabin.

Nash failed to tell his father about how he had come to be released from jail, and the man was so troubled over the matter that he did not question his daughter closely.

NASH'S MISGIVINGS.

That night, after all had become still in the cabin, and while no sound broke the silence save the metronomic bumping of Mr. Tolby, Nash found himself lying awake with an unusual feeling of oppression. Somehow he could not get rid of a certain blight of mystery in the affair of the young man's brother, and he felt the strange necessity of doing something to relieve the pressure on his mind. He had his father's secret and he must keep it. Where had his father got it? What was it? He had observed now with vivid clearness how the men looked and the feeling of mystery was thickened, how he listened and glared. Why did he glare? Nash could not sleep. In the end, every feeling came around to that—he must be silenced, warn or kill him.

The boy's mind was completely inexplicable mood of Nash's was that a trivial letter to the left hand of the man stronger kept constantly darting before his vision. Nash could not get rid of it. It was as if it were printed on the darkness. He would close his eyes and rudely assault with mighty will, but the letter would persist at one place in a sharp angle.

ARRESTED.

Next morning at the peep of day the family enjoyed themselves as usual. Mr. Tolby had slept off his intoxication, and as was his habit, felt decidedly cheerful and humorous. His dill eat into in the frugal breakfast, but put the harness on his little mule and went on the point of going to plow in the corn-field, when he was suddenly confronted by an armed sheriff, with the command, and the following words: "Hands up, Tolby! I've got a warrant for you, and I'm bound to serve it!" Mr. Tolby recognized as the sheriff whom Mr. Tolby recognized as the sheriff of the county.

"Ah! so Sollit," neither," added a less, balanced, chilling looking man by the sheriff's side.

Mr. Tolby, turning as white as a ghost, did not raise his hands above his head, but he laid them high, shaking convulsively.

"Much better to give up than to put up a rabbit to see what was going on, and at the same time he glanced at Phebe and Nash, who had brought the mysterious package.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Sheriff? I've done," the fellow smirked, covering Nash with his revolver.

"Nothing much, only you're arrested, as the sheriff says," the latter added, seeing with his keen eye that Nash was not armed.

"Put up your hands, Asaph, or I'll blow a hole in your head!"

By this time Phebe had come forth, and with a cry of fear and indignation, rushed frightened. With that resolute and calm courage which sometimes so often extend to the weak, she threw herself between the men who knelt on the bones of the stranger, and the sheriff, who was about to fire. "Don't you dare to shoot my father!" she cried, "or I'll—I'll—I'll—" Here she stopped, and with her eyes flashing, she looked from one to the other of the men. "Why, you're not going to shoot him, are you?" Then turning to her brother she said: "Nash, you've got no gun, but he's no big a coward to shoot anybody."

Nash had not moved, and he said to the sheriff, "Sir, my young lady, ye be shot before you can shoot my father."

The long barrel of the revolver that was pointed at Nash fell, but not his eyes. The sheriff looked at his men for aid. They looked off in fair, but not before the keen eye of Asaph Tolby saw the officers and found to be a leather bag of money wrapped in a piece of red flannel. A army blanket and well tied up with a leather strap.

"We may want you two as witnesses, so you'll have to come, too," he said, just before riding away; "so you'd better not try to run off."

PHEBE'S WIT.

When left to themselves, the twins looked disconsolately at each other. Nash was not that a deep-laid plot had been used against

"Look at that patch onto the heel o' that villian's boot."

his father and them. Phebe almost immediately began to weep, and Nash, who was a boy of action, proposed a fashion that would help them to discover a friend somehow.

"We his power to be old come him by the gate and—" Phebe, in her grief, could not ask-aide. That proven it. Don't cry."

Nash, who had taken the money from its hiding place and was on his way over the fence to the field, where he had seen Jeff Hawkins at work, turned back and said: "Phebe, Every little color to the wood started him, and he walked faster and faster, and then he ran. When he reached the cabin he was

5,000
WEAK MEN

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wash-tub and turned it bottom up over the hole.

"That'll keep it fresh," she curtly remarked. "Let's hunt for more of 'em."

Nash presently caught the full meaning of Phebe's work, and helped her with a will. They found another hole in the cabin floor, started with their hands, and one by one they dug out such things as would protect them from rain or other destruction.

CAUGHT.

That afternoon the sheriff and the less cheerful man were Asaph Tolby's guests. turned to the Tolby cabin.

"Well, here we air ag'in!" remarked Sheriff, with facetious intonation, and rolling his quid of tobacco.

"Yes, you have got to get out," said the second sheriff to Phebe and Nash. "Come, you've got to get out of here, and be quick about it."

"There's room for two" them came trudge a long cross on the hill to the woods," said Nash, who had come to the door.

"Look here, you young rascal, you don't look! No tricks on a sheriff, or he won't be responsible for what he does!" the sheriff said, with a threatening air.

"Come along, you two!" the second sheriff said, and he started off, followed by Phebe and Nash.

The boy had carried a bundle of clothes and provisions, and Phebe had a basket of food. They climbed the hill, and when they reached the top they looked back. Their father was standing in front of the cabin door, with his hands behind him. The sheriff and his companion were on horseback, and were riding off down the valley.

"Now, Nash, you've got to tell me what sort of a fale yer pap had fixed up. I don't know about bein' left out."

"But you jus' come here an' look at that hole," Nash replied, and he led the way to the hole. The lantern was produced, and Phebe lifted the tin. The contents she held o' that old coat," she added, peering with her finger at Aaron Bixby's left foot.

The boy's haggard face flushed red, then went as pale as he yellow tan would permit.

"You'll have to tell me, Nash, I shall't been the worse for it," she firmly said.

The sheriff gazed sternly at Sidney's head.

"Can't none o' my track, I shall't been the worse for it," she firmly said.

"Don't you dare!" Sidney cried, turning pale. "Don't you dare! You ought to hear her," Yonkers Statesman.

PILES CURED.

I will guarantee to cure any case of Piles by a few applications of my remedy.

H. ABNEY, Flat Dudson Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Lowering the Bill.

"Your honor," the lawyer said to the physician, "is shockingly high—10 per cent. Isn't it?" "Why, no," the doctor answered, overhearing the doctor's remark, "that's very low."

Dark Clouds Around the Eyes.

I used PIKE'S Magic cure for this trouble so long that I thought it was a part of my face. Now it is entirely gone. Mrs. ELLA BOLLOCK, South Bend, Ind.

Not Alone.

First Young Wife—I don't always tell when I've been shopping. Don't you?

Second Young Wife—So can I. He has a check book, too.—New York Press.

Fat Folks.

I am a trained nurse; I run an I school at home by mail; I have a system of reducing fat that have nothing to sell; doctor charge and I will tell you how for 4 cents. Address, MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box 1, Jackson, Mich.

Perfectly Reconciled.

Hector's Wife—And what has my dear given up to-day? Hector—Least Your Girl—Well, you see, it was as hard for me to make up my mind that I just gave up thinking.—Life.

Broadcloth is a Distance.

I will send free to any lady reader How to cure Brokdcloth or the Lizzie Borden Cut. Mrs. M. SUMMERS, Box 1, Jackson, Mich. Cincinnati, Ohio.

Feared to Tempt Fate.

"Johnny! Johnny!" she cried, "what's yourself That's fourteen cakes you've eat!"

"I know it," he answered, afraid to stop at thirteen."—Chicago Tribune.

DR. BOSS' Boss Remedy—Membership Free.

Boss Remedy cures Piles, Fistula, Fissure, Ulcers, Rectal Diseases, Constipation of all ages. It has given sight, restored health, never failed in a single case. Write for free book. Membership free. Consultation free. Boss Remedy is taken from your religion or politics. Thousands of testimonials. Boss Remedy Co., 1 Boss Block, Cincinnati, O. Boss Remedy Co., 1 Boss Block, Cincinnati, O. Boss Remedy Co., 1 Boss Block, Cincinnati, O

["By Fate's Decree" was commenced in No. 7. Back numbers can be obtained of the agent or by addressing the Chicago office. Price, 5 cents each.]

SYNOPSIS.

Gaston Moore, an aged violinist, has a lovely daughter, Vera, whose beauty wins the heart of the young secretary of Sir Arthur Geraint. By an accidental error, she believes him to be the baronet. Vane Van Dyck, the secretary, is in turn loved by Theodora Churchhill, a stately English girl. Stricken with paralysis, Moore reveals to Vera on his death bed, the secret of his birth, the fact that he is the oldest son of an English lord, falsely accused of his father's murder, and commands her to recover her rights after his death. After his death she seeks some hidden documents to prove her claims, but finds them missing. Van Dyck has been suddenly called to England, and she believes him false. In despair she decides to adopt the stage as a profession, and accordingly, goes with Hepsy, her old nurse, to New Orleans. Secures an engagement and makes a success. By accident she forms the acquaintance of a young gentleman, Mr. Reginald Temple, who persecutes her with his attentions. By means of a trick he decoys her to an isolated house, there to force her to marry him. He is suddenly stricken with apoplexy, and Vera is held as a witness in the event of his death. Meanwhile Sir Arthur discovers that he has innocently defrauded Gaston Moore of his title and wealth. The papers are found, proving Vera's birthright to the name and lands of Lynwood, and Vane Van Dyck starts out to find her. Traces her to a town, and after a vain search further is hopelessly lost in the desert. Vera in company with Hepsy proceeds to England at once to secure her fortune. On the voyage over a mysterious stranger makes several futile attempts on her life, but she is rescued by Vivian Grey, a young and handsome fellow possenger. On her arrival in London Vera discovers that the rival claimant to the title is Sir Arthur Geraint, whom she believes Vane to be. The latter meanwhile had accidentally found a hidden treasure in his wanderings in the wilds.

CHAPTER XXVII.
A STRANGE LEGACY.

Vane stoops lower over the box, his eyes riveted upon its contents. It is like a fairy tale—a new edition of Aladdin's Lamp!

The box is divided into compartments; one is filled to the brim with jewels, diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls. The sunshine creeping into the rude hut, glints upon them, and they send out a thousand prismatic rays, glittering, scintillating, a mass of living fire. There, at the side of the grinning skeleton, that hideous travesty [illegible] and a startled exclamation escapes his lips. It is filled—filled to the brim—with money. United States treasury notes!

With shaking fingers Vane turns them over, counting them mechanically. Each note is of one hundred dollar denomination, and there are one thousand notes! One hundred thousand dollars!

He grows faint as he realizes it. And there, at the very bottom of the box, (which, being of tin, has kept its contents in a state of perfect preservations), he sees a folded paper. He opens it, and reads these words, written with pencil in a trembling hand:

To Whom it May Concern:—I, John Abbott, of San Francisco, California, dying here alone in the desert, leave this as my dying deposition and last will and testament. The money and jewels in the box, are my own property, and I am utterly alone in the world. I had started from B—— City, where I had come from San Francisco, intending to drive to Denver. Here, in this desert, my companions deserted me, taking the team and leaving me alone, and very ill. I am dying. I know it, and I wish to leave my earthly possessions to the person who will kindly give me a christian burial, should my body ever be found by any human creature. There is absolutely no human being with a claim upon my wealth; therefore, if any man should ever find my body, and will bury it away, to that man I bequeath the contents of this box. Should he wish to prove the truth of my story (though dying men do not lie), let him apply to A. J. Arnold, 21 Blank street, Denver, Colorado, who will corroborate my assertion. I am dying, and I write these words with the little strength left me. (Signed),

"JOHN ABBOTT, San Francisco, Cal."

Slowly, slowly, Vane Van Dyck reads this strange document over, once, twice, three times. Then he arises to his feet, and his gaze, dazed and bewildered, wanedr aimlessly about.

He lifts the buffalo robe with its gruesome burden and carries it out into the sunshine. Then he lays it down in the shallow trench which he had prepared without knowing of the treasure concealed beneath the skelton; he covers the robe over the little heap of crumbling bones, and then he spreads the sand over it, and smoothes it down, and at last, the skeleton of John Abbott is given christian burial.

When the rude interment is over and the grave smoothed down with his hands, the only way possible, Vane goes back to the hut. There he proceeds to dispose of the money and jewels upon his person. He fills his pocket with jewels; he lines his underclothing with bank notes. It is a long and troublesome task, but it is over at last, and he has hidden the strange will with the rest, upon his person. He feels tired and hungry, and the thought occurs to him to light a tiny fire from the half decayed branches of the old tree. The silver match safe which he always carries in his pocket is still supplied with matches; he gathers some of the branches, and soon lights a fire. He warms his unpalatable viands before the tiny blaze; the smoke curling upward in blue spirals, gives a sort of inhabited aspect to the place, and the situation somehow does not appear quite so appalling. The red tongue of flame shooting upward, like fiery serpents, send tiny showers of sparks into the air; and Vane does not see that one or two have lodged upon the canvas roof of the hut. They lie there unnoticed in the afternoon sunshine, smouldering away, until gradually, a tiny hole is burned. It increases, and slowly grows larger; but still Vane does not perceive the state of affairs, and does not think of such a thing as an accident. The half warm food is not appetizing, and as there is no water, he finds his attempt a dismal failure. So, he extinguishes the fire, after returning the food to the box in the hut, and goes out on a tour of inspection. He is careful to mark his way with twigs, which he gathers from the tree, dropping such at long intervals. If he hopes to discover any trace of a road, he is doomed to disappointment, for there is absolutely nothing to be found; and he gives up at last, in utter despair.

He comes back at sundown, finding his way with little difficulty. In sight of the tree he pauses in horror and surprise. The hut has burned to the ground in his absence, and the small quantity of provisions, enough to prolong life for some time, are consumed. He is utterly stranded. Alone in that horrible place, with a fortune upon his person, and yet doomed to perish from starvation! One hundred thousand dollars, and jewels of incalculable value, hidden upon his body, and yet he must die of starvation! The thought is unbearable, it is too dreadful to think of for a moment.

He crouches down at the foot of the tree and falls into a dull apathy. Hours pass and still he crouches there, buried in that dreary reverie.

"Where is Vera? Oh, heaven! to see her once more, though only for a moment! He thinks of it until his brain seems on fire, and he is faint and weak. Were the stories true that he had been told? Did she care for that man Temple?

The night passes somehow, and morning comes; comes with an awful darkness and despair in its wake. Somehow or other, the day drags by, and night comes down again. Still Vane sits there, silent and motionless, like one dead. There is nothing to hope for—nothing! Another night creeps by, another days dawns, drags on to its weary end, and is gone!

Vane Van Dyck begins to feel that his brain is giving way. He talks to himself, in the fashion that lonely creatures soon learn, and the sound of his own voice breaking the silence, is strange in his ears. He laughs aloud sometimes, and it is gruesome. He fancies that there is some one there, and holds long conversations with imaginary people. It is pitiful to think what a wreck he has become.

One day, as long as he lives, Vane Van Dyck will never forget that day. He is startled by hearing a sound. Not the sound of his own voice. He starts up, and turns in the direction from which he imagines it has come; and he sees a sight that makes his brain reel with the shock of surprice. A horseman!

CHAPTER XXIII.
"GOOD-BY TO HOPE!"

Victor Grey feels that the decisive moment of his life has come, as he stands at Vera's side and awaits her answer. Slowly, falteringly, the girl tells him her story, her sad and pathetic history.

"I shall never cease to thank you, and to feel all kindliness toward you, Mr. Grey," she said softly, the great tears standing in her eyes. "But you have heard all now, and you will see that I could never love any other man but the man to whom I have given my heart. In the eyes of the world, my love is a mistake, and I know that I shall never find aught but sorrow in it; and of course it is a sin, if he has made that other woman his wife. The world would say that I ought to forget him, but love cannot be so easily rooted up from the heart when once it has been planted there. I—I—cannot forget him yet, but after a time—it will come."

Yes, Vera, it will come! The moss of forgetfulness grows green and fair upon the grave of dead love. And yet, true love, it is said, never dies.

Victor Grey's heart is touched by her frankness and the confidence which she has reposed in him. Vera has won his allegiance forever. It is not an easy task to convert a rejected lover into a friend; but the course which Vera has pursued, is the means of making Victor Grey her steadfast friend for life. He leaves Vera, inwardly vowing to lay his life down, if need be, in her defense and for her happiness.

He goes out into the street, the dark, murky folds of a London fog wrapping its clammy arms around him, and wanders, he does not observe whither. He is so enwrapped [illegible] sweetness and truth, that he arouses at length in some surprise, to find himself upon the banks of the Thames, down on a black and gloomy warf. At this hour, traffic is suspended, and there are few people about. Victor comes to a pause and stands gazing about him in a half bewildered way. The dull light from an occasional gas lamp illy illumines the scene; a shudder creeps over the young man.

"Ugh! it is gruesome!" he mutters as he turns to retrace his steps. "How in the world did I happen to come down here?"

Happen! Ah, there are few things after all, that happen in this world! Even the most trivial incidents are under the control of a guiding ower. And just as Victor turns away, something, some irresistible influence compels him to glance down at the inky water at his feet. The dull, yellow gaslight, fitful and uncertain, wavers and flickers in the wind, suddenly flares up and casts a reflection upon the water. By its light he sees with sickening horror, the body of a man, rising and falling with the tide "in the slime of the river's breast."

It is but the work of a moment for Victor Grey to find a boat and after some difficulty and the promise of a liberal reward, he unearths a couple of half intoxicated bargemen, and impresses them into service. He follows them into the boat, and they pull for the spot where the body is lying, wedged in between two black hulks of vessels which are laid up, and waiting to go into the dock for repairs.

The bargemen grapple the body with a boat-hook, and it is soon dragged to shore; and then for the first time, Victor gets a good look at the face of the rescued man. He starts back with a cry of surprise. It is the man who has attempted Vera's life!

"I have a mind to let him die!" exclaims Victor angrily. But, the eyes of the half drowned man are open, and stare dully into his own. Impelled by an impulse of humanity, Victor does all in his power to resuscitate him. Fortunately for the half-drowned wretch he knows a great deal in regard to the saving of life in such emergencies. And so, at last Victor is rewarded by a gleam of intelligence in the eyes of the rescued man.

"Good pay," he mutters hoarsely. "Good pay to do the job. Ah, well, my lady, I'm your man, for its good pay that I'm after."

A sudden inspiration comes to Victor Grey. Surely this man so persistently bent on taking Vera's life must have some reason for it. Doubtless he is in the employ of some interested party. Victor decides to keep an eye upon the gentleman, and if possible get at the first of the mystery.

"Call a cab," he says, turning to one of the bargemen. "When he is safe inside, I will pay you handsomely."

It is soon accomplished, and Victor parts with a handful of silver, knowing of course, that it will soon be left in the coffers of the nearest public house. He enters the cab where the rescued man has been placed, and orders the driver to drive as fast as possible to the house of an old servant of Mr. Lipscombe's, living near Kensington. Half an hour later the cab stops before a neat white cottage, and Victor alights and summons Mrs. Drake. She consents to receive his protege, of course; she can refuse her boy Victor nothing. So, the miserable wretch is carried into the house and placed upon a white bed in Mrs. Drake's spare room; the cabman is paid and dismissed, and a physician sent for. Then Victor sits down to wait.

As he sits there alone with the half conscious man in the neat little sleeping room, he hears a few disjointed sentences fall from the man's lips.

"Yes, my lady, I'll do it, to be sure! You say you want her out of the way, but she's a bonny lass and I hate to kill her! Yes, yes, I'll do it, never fear, my lady, for I'm bound to earn the reward you have promised. And if she is really Lady Lynwood, you want her out of the way, and I can't blame you!"

But, when Victor questioned him warily, the man makes no reply, and fearing to overtask his strength, Victor desists.

The doctor soon arrives and pronounces the man out of danger, leaves some medicine and goes again. The man gets slowly better, and Victor makes up his mind that the day of reckoning between them is near at hand.

He calls at Mrs. Drake's cottage one day. As he enters the little green gate he observes a carriage standing at a little distance, as though waiting for some one. As he hastens up the primrose bordered walk, he is conscious of the presence of others—a whiff of delicate perfume, the rustle of silken skirts. A lady! She is tall and slender to angularity, she has straw-colored hair frizzled to the last degree; her pale blue eyes are cold and supercilious, her features are sharp and a suggestion of acidity in her whole appearance. Victor lifts his hat, and stands aside to let her pass. She is followed by an elderly lady in stiff black silk, with a pince nez. They sweep past him without deigning to notice his presence. They enter the waiting carriage and are driven away.

"I wonder if Mrs. Drake is getting into 'sassiety,'" he says with a smile, as he passes into the house. Mrs. Drake meets him in the tiny hall.

"Our patient has been receiving callers," she begins at once, "quite grand ladies, I fancy."

"Did you hear their names?" queries Victor eagerly.

"Yes, I heard him call the young one my lady, and also Miss Dora," returns Mrs. Drake. "I thought it looked out of place for such fine ladies to be calling upon the likes of him. Depend upon it, there's something wrong, Mr. Victor!"

Victor Grey's mind is made up. He intends to learn the truth. He goes straight into the sick-room, and without preliminary demands the names ofthe visitors. He is so in earnest that he takes the sick man by surprise, and he answers before he has time to frame a subterfuge.

"It is Mrs. Churchill and her daughter," he replies. "They once employed me and are interested in my welfare."

"It was they—or at least one of them—who employed you to take Miss Vera Moore's—Lady Lynwood's—life!" exclaimed Victor excitedly. "You need not deny it!"

The man has started up in bed, pale and trembling. He is the picture of guilt, and Victor feels that his random shot has told—has struck home.

"No, oh, no!" he cries, but Victor stops him with a single gesture.

"You may as well confess," he says sternly, "for I will force the truth out of you before you leave that bed. Remember, you have been delirious, and in your delirium you said many things that 'give you away.' You may as well make a clean breast of it. Tell me the truth, and all the truth, or I will hand you over to the police!"

CHAPTER XXIV.
THE RESCUE.

Alone on the arid desert, without even a roof to shelter him, Vane Van Dyck crouched down, like a half wild creature at the foot of the tree, his eyes riveted upon the unexpected apparition. A man on horseback galloping hastily along. Can it be true? Oh, no, his brain, half maddened by all that he has endured, the long days of starvation, the sleepless nights, the mad craving for water, for the sight of a human face, the sound of a human voice, surely under all this accumulation of horrors, his brain has given way, and he has gone mad.

Yet, even as these disjointed thoughts flit through his bewildered brain, like bats through an empty house, he sees that it is all true; it is no imagination, but really a human being. A sudden frenzy overcomes him and takes possession of his faculties. He struggles to his feet, striving in vain to utter a cry—some sound which shall reach the ears of the horseman and attract his attention, and turn him in the direction of the half dead man who has been so long cut off from his kind. But no sound escapes the parched and blackened lips—in vain he strives to be heard. Only a gurgling, gasping cry issues forth, and the man on horseback gallops forward. Must he go? Has heaven itself deserted poor Vane?

Even as the despairing thought flits through his mind, the horse stumbles and falls, throwing his rider over his head. But, neither is injured seriously. The man springs to his feet, as the horse regains an erect position; and then, the man's eyes fall upon the half dead creature leaning against the tree, grasping its trunk with all his feeble strength, while he waves one gaunt, transparent hand, to attract the stranger's attention. Three minutes later, the man leading his horse by the bridle, has reached Vane's side.

"Good heavens!" he exclaims, his voice shaking perceptibly, "a man, alive! Here in this God-forsaken place!"

Vane cannot speak, but gradually he learns that the stranger is one of a party of prospectors, who are endeavoring to locate certain oil wells, said to exist somewhere in this region. Vane's sunken eyes light up with a swift gleam of intelligence, as he remembers the noxious spring from which he had drank, mistaking it for water. The stranger sees how it is with the poor fellow, and produces a flask of brandy, which he administers sparingly. The blood surges into Vane's cheeks, and he seems to sign a new lease of life. Then, the man takes from his saddle bags some sandwiches and very carefully and temperately feeds some of the food to the starving man. And so, Vane Dyck's life is saved; and at last he finds speech and is able to explain his presence in that awful place. The stranger listens, and his bronzed cheek grows pale.

"Good heavens, man!" he exclaims, "you must be intended for some special object, for no man has ever been known to escape from these plains; no one has ever lived to tell the tale. The party to which I belong, are not far behind. They are provided with everything that human ingenuity can devise to aid their scheme, and to prevent their being lost upon this trackless desert. Have no further fears, you are safe, and shall return to your friends at once. I have food and drink in my saddle bags sufficient to last for several days, and my party will be here tonight."

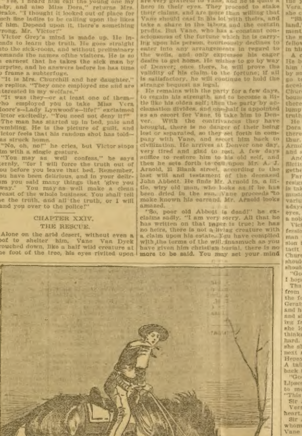
He is a plain, common sort of fellow, but Vane Van Dyck is more delighted with his society than ever he has been in the presence of nobility. He has learned to appreciate his own kind, and he will never again be friends with solitude.

Before night comes down the rest of the party put in an appearance. There are four men, typical westerners, and all in dead earnest in regard to discovering the whereabouts of the oil which is said to be indigenous to this region. Vane finds it possible to return in a measure, their kindness, by offering to conduct them to the place where he had found the oil; and although he may never reach it, at least is willing to try, and so, after a night's rest, they all set forth. To Vane is allotted the best horse; he is able after having food and drink to ride.

They reach the spot after a long, tedious march across the plains, and every step of the way has been carefully marked. No accident occurs, and they are overjoyed to find the indications very promising. They are very grateful to Vane, and he is quite a hero in their eyes. They proceed to stake their claims, and are more than willing that Vane should cast in his lot with theirs, and take a share in the labors and the certain profits. But Vane, who has a constant consciousness of the fortune which he is carrying upon his person, courteously declines to enter into any arrangements in regard to the wells, and only expresses his eager desire to get home. He wishes to go by way of Denver; once there, he will prove the validity of his claim to the fortune; if all is satisfactory, he will continue to hold the strange bequest as legal.

He remains with the party for a few days, to regain his strength, and to become a little like his olden self; then the party by acclamation divides, and one-half is appointed as an escort for Vane, to take him to Denver. With the contrivances they have brought, there is no danger of their being lost or separated, so they set forth in company with Vane, and escort him back to civilization. He arrives at Denver one day, very tired and glad to rest. A few days suffice to restore him to his old self, and then he sets forth to call upon Mr. A. J. Arnold, 21 Blank street, according to the last will and testament of the deceased John Abbott. He finds Mr. Arnold in, a little, wiry old man, who looks as if he has been dried in the sun. Vane proceeds to make known his errand. Mr. Arnold looks amazed.

"So, poor old Abbott is dead!" he exclaims sadly. "I am very sorry. All that he has written on that paper is true; he has no heirs, there is not a living creature with a claim upon his estate. You have complied with the terms of his will, and since you have given him christian burial, there is no more to be said. You may set your mind at rest in regard to inheriting the fortune. It is yours! I was Mr. Abbott's lawyer for years, and I am prepared to prove the will, and place you legally in possession."



"Good Heavens! A man alive! Here in this God-forsaken place!"

This very fortunate young man feels a sudden longing for home. He fancies the delight with which Sir Arthur will receive him at lovely Fairview, and he even feels a little kindliness toward Dora, for he realizes as he has never done before, the pleasures of a home. He has not given up his quest for Vera. That is now his sole object in life; but he longs for a sight of his friend's face with a longing that he cannot repress, and he decides to go home to Fairview for a rest for a short time before returning to his search for the woman he loves.

"Dear old Arthur!" he exclaims, "I can fancy his look of astonishment when I suddenly appear before his eyes. And no matter if he has to relinquish his fortune, for I have enough for both!"

Even as he speaks his eyes fall upon a newspaper lying upon the lawyer's table. Involuntarily Vane picks it up. It is a late copy of the London Times, and instinctively he turns to the shipping list. And almost the first names he reads in the arrivals at Southampton, are: Miss Vera Moore, Miss Hepsy Howe.

Quite bewildered he glances at the unexpected announcement; and then, his eyes fall upon another notice, and he starts to his feet with a cry to heaven for mercy. It stares him in the face, the hideous announcement:

"Death of Sir Arthur Geraint, of Sussex, England."

CHAPTER XXIX.
FATE!

He puts his hands to his head and stands trembling under the shock. He is still weak, and is only just begining to regain a little of his former serength, and to look like himself once more. And this blow is so sudden, so utterly unexpected, that it seems more than he can bear. He sinks back into his chair again, holding the paper in two shaking hands, and reads the account over slowly, slowly. It is very meager, stating that Sir Arthur Geraint has been missing for several weeks from the Traveler's Rest, a certain hotel in a western town; and Vane catches his breath with a grasp, as he sees that it is the very town, the very hotel, from which he himself had been so ignominiously ejected.

"Arthur must have traced me there," he says at least, speaking aloud, although he is alone. Some one has summoned Mr. Arnold into his private consultation office, and there is no witness to Vane's agitation and grief. Sir Arthur is missing, the paper goes on to state, and no one can guess his whereabouts. A Mr. Reginald Temple has stirred the matter up, and is trying to discover the fate of the missing nobleman.

Mr. Reginald Temple! The name brings a flush to Vane's cheek. Is it true that Vera cares for this man? He does not stop to think—he dare not ponder long upon the subject; but with sudden resolution, he acts. He has a parting interview with Mr. Arnold, who arranges everything, so that the formalities of proving Vane Van Dyck sole heir to the Abbott fortune will be a mere nothing, and not require Van's presence. Having settled everything to their mutual satisfaction, Vane packs a bag and starts for that peculiar western town from which he had been expelled.

He marches into the hotel one morning, and nearly paralyzes the clerk, by his unexpected apparition. He scrawls his name upon the register—Vane Van Dyck—and to all the questions poured out upon him, he returns respectful silence. He has come there to trace his missing friend. He detests the place, and will not be forced into conversation.

He is not there an hour when Mr. Reginald Temple sends up his card, and Vane admits him. Temple has improved, there is no mistake on that point. He will never be a throrough-paced gentleman, and there will always be a dude flavor about him, but his contact with Vera's womanliness and gentle dignity, has done him good. He pours out his very soul to Vane Van Dyck; and the young man sees how he has wronged Vera, by even for a moment believing that she could care for Reginald Temple.

"She and Miss Hepsy are gone to England," the young man concludes his statement, "and Mr. Van Dyck, I will say that the man that young lady loves, is a lucky fellow, and I'd give all I possess to stand in his shoes."

A cold feeling settled over Vane's heart. He believes that Vera loves him, believing him to be Sir Arthur Geraint. But, urged by some irresistible power, Vane decides to go to England at once. This decision is accelerated by seeing the names of Mrs. Churchill and Dora in the list of outward bound passengers for Southampton. So, there is no one left at Fairview! A burning lump comes into his throat; he feels the truth, that Sir Arthur is dead.

He will go to England, to Sussex, and see Dora and her mother, and learn all that there is to be learned in regard to Sir Arthur. His own affairs are safe in Mr. Arnold's hands; he goes to New Orleans and ships at once for Southampton.

And so, from diverse points, these conflicting paths are gradually brought together.

Far away in London, Vera has formally resigned all claim to title and fortune, and is taking English hearts by storm with the music which she draws from the old Stradivarius. She is very quiet and subdued nowadays, but there is a look of peace in her eyes, the peace which follows the doing of a noble deed.

Victor Grey has startled her by the confession which he has extorted from the man whose life he has saved. The confession is to the effect that there has been a tacit understanding between Miss Dora Churchill and himself, that if Vera's life should come to an untimely end, this man should benefit by it materially.

"God pity her!" Vera says solemnly, "and I hope He will forgive her, as I do!"

That very day, Vera receives a notice from Mr. Lipscombe to call at his office on the following morning, to meet Sir Arthur Geraint. Vera reads the written summons, and her face grows deadly pale. She is faint and sick at heart; for the thought of standing face to face once more with the man she loves, has loved so long and (as she thinks) so hopelessly, seems almost too hard. But it is absolutely necessary that she should comply with the request, so the next morning, accompanied by the faithful Hepsy Vera enters Mr. Lipscombe's office. A tall form is standing at a window, his back toward her as she enters.

"Good morning, Miss Moore," says Mr. Lipscombe, and then, the other man turns to meet her, and Mr. Lipscombe adds: "This is Sir Arthur Geraint!"

Sir Arthur Geraint!

Vera feels the blood recede from her heart.

Sir Arthur Geraint! Why, this is the man whom she has believed all along, to be Vane Van Dyck, Sir Arthur's private secretary. She puts up her hand to her head, and pushes back the little sailor hat that she wears, as though its light weight oppresses her.

"Sir—Arthur—Geraint!" she falters; "I—I—have always believed you to be Mr. Van Dyck."

And then the truth flashes upon Sir Arthur's mind in a sunburst of strangeness. He sees it all now, and in a few moments he is seated at Vera's side, and all is explained. It seems to Vera too good to be true. There is only one shadow upon her happiness, the fact that Vane has not been heard from for so long that there is grave cause for apprehension.

Sir Arthur arrives at his country house in Sussex unexpectedly one day. He finds Dora and her mother seated in state in the drawing-room. Five minutes later, Vane Van Dyck is announced. Dora springs to her feet, with a shrill cry of delight, and throws herself into his arms. Vane endures it with fortitude; then he turns and for the first time, sees Sir Arthur—Sir Arthur alive and in the flesh—standing before him. No words can do justice to that scene. Right in the presence of Dora and her sympathizing parent, the story is told, and Vane learns the noble nature of the woman he loves, and how she has relinquished all worldly honors and the riches for which so many peril their very souls, in favor of the man she had believed to be her false lover. Relinquished it that he might marry the woman she has believed to be her rival. And then, for the first time, Vane has his eyes open to the fact of Dora's love for himself. His manly face flushes.

"This is absurd!" he exclaims. "I never thought of such a thing as marrying Dora, and of course, Dora has never had such an idea enter her brain!"

"Of course not!" cries Mrs. Churchill spitefully. "And I'm quite sure that Dora who can marry a baronet if she says the word would never throw herself away upon you!"

Her tone is very acid, and it crosses Vane's mind for the first time that this young woman may have accomplished some mischief, as far as his relations with Vera are concerned. He is very anxious to go to Vera; but first he has a long interview with Sir Arthur, and tells him all the strange story of the past few weeks. A little later, Vane starts for London, and goes straight to Vera's hotel. Three minutes more, and he is standing in her presence. The happiness of that meeting makes up for all the suffering of the past.

The grand wedding takes place from Moorecroft, Gervase Moore's favorite home. Sir Arthur has insisted that Vera shall assume the title, but Vera will not consent unless he will share the fortune with her. Vera, as Vane's wife, is fully provided with wealth, so Sir Arthur finally consents. And now he is freed from the secret of the past, he too, decides that "man was not made to live alone," and as there is a fair young English girl who has long been Sir Arthur's ideal, another wedding is on the cards. Dora carries out her threat of marrying a certain baronet, old and not very agreeable, but with 10,000 pounds a year, which in Dora's eyes covers all defects. Mr. and Mrs. Vane Van Dyck go home to America to live. They will make their home at lovely Fairview, and of course, Hepsy goes with them.

"It was by Fate's Decree that our lives were united my darling," Vane says to Vera, as they stand in the moonlight, on the night of their arrival home. But, Hepsy, hearing his words, exclaims defiantly:

"Fate! The idee! We ain't heathens, I hope, Vera Moore! I call it somethin' higher'n fate; 'twas God who brought you Vane Van Dyck, outen o' the wilderness, and made light shine in the darkness, and—and" breaking down with a sob, "if we try all our born days, we can't never pay Him, but, leastways we kin try!"

"With heaven's help, we will!" says Vane softly, and he draws Vera's head down upon his breast.

THE END.

One of the most fascinating stories that has ever appeared in the Ledger, starts in next week's issue. Do not miss it. "The Two Madolins; or, A Girl's Conspiracy."

A Mighty Lucky Man.

It improves the story to let the little 5-year-old tot tell it herself.

"It was Fwiday," she says, "an' I were comin' home from school an' finkin' all the time how me an' Prince would have a big long play, 'cause it wouldn't be school no more till Monday. I was so happy that I runned an' was laughin' to myself so everybody smiled.

"But when I dot purty near home an' Prince was runnin' down th' street to meet me, barkin' an' wigglin' hisself 'cause he were so glad to see me, a big horrid man wif a long pole an' a net on it jumped outen his wagon, an' Prince runned right into th' net.

"Then I screamed orful an' I frowed myself on that net just when Prince got in it, an' we rolled 'roun' an' got all snarlded an' th' man swored ter'ble an' we kept rollin' an' I never got so dirty in my life, an' when that man pulled the net to him I was in it an' Prince was goin' to th' back of th' house as hard as he could kick it.

"Then a nice lookin' gen'leman come up laughin' an' after he coughed, an' he asked did I have a tag on me, an' th' horwid man jawed some, an' jumped in his wagon an' whipped th' horse cruel, an' when he drove away said he would get that dog yet, an' I tole him he couldn't ketch nothin' but little girls, an' th' gen'leman laughed so he had to use his hank'chef, and said some dogs had all th' luck."—Detroit Free Press.

Nicotinized Nerves.

Men old at thirty. Chew and smoke, eat little, drink, or want to all the time. Nerves tingle, never satisfied, nothing beautiful, happiness gone, a tobacco-saturated system tells the story. There's an easy way out. No-To-Bac will kill the nerve-craving effects for tobacco and make you strong, vigorous and manly. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Royal Attire.

The Sultan of Turkey is always seen attired in plain brown garments; the Emperor of Austria affects gray. The young German Emperor has what may be called a loud taste in clothes, and is never so happy as when wearing the showiest of uniforms or hunting costumes; indeed, when attired in the latter, he looks as though he had stepped out of Drury Lane pantomime, so extraordinary and fantastic is his get-up on these occasions. The Emperor of Russia, on the other hand, likes the simplest, darkest form of undress uniform, and he habitually wears that which became so familiar in all the photographs of his late father.

His Idea of It.

Johnny—Dick Stebbins says he leads a dog's life.

Sammy (somewhat neglected)—What's he kickin' about? Leadin' a dog's life at our house is settin' on ma's lap all the time, an' livin' on cream.

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YOU CAN NEVER TELL.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

You never can tell when you send a word—
Like an arrow shot from a bow—
By an archer blind—be it cruel or kind,
Just where it will chance to go.
It may pierce the breast of your dearest friend,
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall bend
And shelter the bird that sings.

You can not tell what your thoughts will do
For thoughts are things, and their airy wings
Are swifter than arrows of light.
They follow the law of the universe—
Each thing to the kind that is like unto it;
And they speed o'er the track to bring you back
Whatever went out from your mind.

Each kindly act is an acorn dropped
In God's productive soil;
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow
And shelter the trees that toil.

You can not tell what your thoughts will do
Or where they will go or stay;
Perhaps for years they may speed like spears
Before they shall pierce their prey.
But they will return like the bird to the mast
To the place from which they were sent at last,
Each one to its place of rest.

Then weed out the base and the bitter thought
As you would weed out a snake,
Or a bird of prey that would seize your own
Or your neighbor's young ones and take.
Keep watch of your words, both spoken and heard,
Your thoughts shall be swifter and subtler than words—
Your deeds will be mightier still.

A YOUNG FILIBUSTERER.

The Exciting Experiences of a Cuban Insurgent—Difficulties of Joining an Expedition.

BY A YOUNG INSURGENT.

It is not surprising to read of successful filibustering expeditions to the shores of Cuba. It is indeed often a matter of very considerable difficulty to search out Cubans afloat, but each boat that leaves our shores bears with it the determination of every Cuban filibuster means success. Then there is the portion of the name. The Latin race is said prone to favor the fearless and give victory to the venturesome.

I am a Cuban fighter for freedom. In 1895 I left my home in Havana to join the patriots and cast to Cuba. How we did it I tell, as it may give courage to others. I do not betray my countrymen in telling it, for though the plans of the various expeditions are the same yet, the success of those of the insurgent parties will be in changing tactics.

It is important that absolute secrecy is necessary to success, and that the spy is more to be dreaded than the Spanish cruisers that, shark-like, circle about the bar of Cuba to keep out the patriots armed with practical sympathy of America.

I was a member of a company that when I applied for a position to fight for Cuba at the Junta, No. 56 Broadway, New York, was already complete. I was told to call again, as there did not quit own me. They told me they would store my name and address here, and then they dismissed me.

PATRIOTIC PLUCK.

Now real spies are persistent. So are patriots. Ardor is not lacking, but the absolute certainty of identification is necessary. I presented a letter of introduction from a prominent American to a Cuban patriot, and was told to call at the Fifth Street store, of course, occupied in verifying our claims and the right to join the insurgent band.

There could be no doubt about my honesty, and I was told that I could leave for the next expedition. My instructions were to be up at reveille—in the early morning—at Madison square and report my address and name. I was told to secure a pass and a portmanto to wait on the dock.

Six days later Captain Gonsales called. He told me change had come in hour of all my belongings behind, that I would be given everything necessary as a soldier at the proper time. My instructions were to wait in the store, where I would be told of the next expedition. We exchanged glances from our pockets. We thought it good, and I was starting to hand a red book.

Everything happened as foretold. We walked down Twenty-third street to Third avenue, and my companion and I were transferred to the Grand Central station. Our destination proved to be Bridgeport, Connecticut. There could be no safety more appropriate, for it is there that the manufacture of the Spanish torpedo boat, symbolic of the Spanish navy, is carried through the hull of southern cotton duck and northern quarters, where Spaniards are slaughtered, until, sick with fear, they seek safety in flight.

OFF FOR CUBA.

A short walk brought us to a tug. We boarded her and steamed down the river below. For some time others came, until we were about a hundred strong. We lay down the vibrations of the machinery had begun. Soon we were out of sight of land, and all answered as the response to a prayer.

We had not gone far when the engine stopped. Word was passed that the machinery above and another Cuban people. They were aboard a tug, and we were transferred alongside the steamer "Dauntless," bearing a pleasure party and a small steamboat.

Four chests of medicine were transferred to the tug, six Remington rifles, 500 rounds, 1,000 pounds of provisions, clothing and 1,000 pounds of ice. Then we were all transferred on deck, for it was night, and we were hurry at sea. The tug was our own green lights at her bow. There was no other light.

In the dark just before dawn, we saw two lights ahead. They were those of a steamer turned broadside to us. We could see the outline of her as ocean steamer. In perfect order the tug was transferred to her side.

The hench of day found us on a good boat in the open sea, with Florida still in sight, perhaps fifteen knots. She steamed along the next morning we had our first look at the patriots. Our surprise was the same close to them, the close for our comfort.

MEETING THE ENEMY.

Along the southern horizon there was a long line of smoke. Our captain was sure it was the Spanish vessels. We changed about and headed directly to what was soon seen to be a Spanish vessel. Our captain took a look at

Welcomed with wild cries of Cuba Libre.

her through his glass and announced without comment: "Señorita Da Ferrer." We all knew that she was one of the most speedy and efficient of Spanish scout-ever.

Ordered below, with halted breath we lay in the hold. We heard the tug stop, feeling first the handle of the machete and then the butt of the rifle. We knew that the tug was boarded, that the crew was on deck, and that the Spanish officers were looking for the cargo. We knew that the tug was searched, and the challenge across the waters.

"Spain, Ferrer!" "Cuba, Captain Hanks." "The Dolphin from Key Tampa." "Fishing smack from Honduras, in search of fish." "Spain, Ferrer!" Then came questions and replies.

Then we knew. The bluff of the alleged Englishmen satisfied the Spaniard. With three cheers from the crew of the Ferrer, the steamer turned and left us. We were safe. We had passed the Spanish cruiser, and were safely in flight.

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Hailed by Spanish gun boat.

the coast southward in a leisurely way, intimating to patriots that she was one of the government patrols. That evening we met the Ward line steamer Seneca, bound from Havana to New York. Her passengers were all Spanish. She was boarded, and a long list of names was taken by the Spanish consul. It brought us twenty more convicts.

Our commander, I shall not give his name, called the company together and announced his loyalty. He told us that it was better to die fighting than to be shot in cold blood. He said that if we should meet death we must not show fear. He told us that if we must be wounded we must not show fear. Several boxes were brought on deck, broken open, and machetes, rifles and cartridges distributed. Now that we were armed and caring for Cuba we no longer felt like stowaways, but how ourselves proudly as soldiers.

The night passed without adventure, but

Welcomed with wild cries of Cuba Libre.

thing was to run for it. The stronger of the two vessels was the Spanish cruiser. Even at the distance of three miles we could see the Spanish flag. Our commander ordered the chase.

Ordered below, with halted breath we lay in the hold. We heard the tug stop, feeling first the handle of the machete and then the butt of the rifle. We knew that the tug was boarded, that the crew was on deck, and that the Spanish officers were looking for the cargo. We knew that the tug was searched, and the challenge across the waters.

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The night passed without adventure, but

The anchor dropped with a roar on the chains, alarming to our over-wrought nerves. The boats were lowered. Nineteen men, counting officers and soldiers, left the Fanita. Each man, on each canoe, two rifles, his machete, knapsack and belt filled with knotted cartridges, and in addition five hundred rounds that could be carried in the boat. Then we pushed off, nearly loaded to the gunwales, and headed for the green and the gold.

Between the green and the gold,
Between the gold and the green,
Between the bilabay and the Sawn,
The sailor sang of his own dear queen,
Whose name was southern manifestations of affection.

The patriot Yankee soldier definitely bade us Godspeed with three long blasts at his big whistle. It must have heard our thanks as he put on to see to guide the flashing searchlight into the darkness. Then we had more than one Spaniard to whip, and had to land on the shores of Cuba to begin the fight for freedom that would strip forever from the land lashing for freedom in the love of liberty!

A Famous Collection of Gems.

Mr. James Hill of St. Paul, Minnesota, the president of the great Northern railroad, is an ardent admirer of beautiful gems. For a number of years he has been steadily adding to the treasures of Mrs. Hill's jewel box and other articles of personal adornment, but without carrying away one of its greatest treasures—the love of her husband—which is the richest jewel any fair dame could wear of them in America is owned by his wife.

Mr. Hill is an expert judge of the texture

Welcomed with wild cries of Cuba Libre.

and value of gems. A jeweler once called on him with a diamond that he considered to have unusual luster and brilliancy of color. It was said to be worth $2,000. After a careful study of it Mr. Hill said it was a beautiful stone, but that the color was not curiously formed in crystals. The jeweler was disappointed, but when he went to leave the house he left the diamond behind him, and when he called for